

THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1052.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1837.

PRICE 8d.
Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.
Vol. I. 8vo. Pp. 418. Edinburgh, 1837.
Robert Cadell; London, John Murray, and Whittaker and Co.

As public curiosity is deeply excited with regard to this work, though the first volume has reached us too late for aught but the most cursory glance, we cannot suffer one of our Nos. to go forth without doing what we can to afford our readers a taste of its quality. A few lines from the Preface describes it sufficiently, and they may stand for our introduction.

"In obedience to the instructions of Sir Walter Scott's last will, I had made some progress in a narrative of his personal history, before there was discovered, in an old cabinet at Abbotsford, an autobiographical fragment, composed by him in 1808, shortly after the publication of his 'Marmion.' This fortunate accident rendered it necessary that I should altogether remodel the work which I had commenced. The first chapter of the following memoirs consists of the Ashiestiel fragment; which gives a clear outline of his early life down to the period of his call to the bar, July, 1792. All the notes appended to this chapter are also by himself. They are in a handwriting very different from the text, and seem, from various circumstances, to have been added in 1826. It appeared to me, however, that the author's modesty had prevented him from telling the story of his youth with that fulness of detail which would now satisfy the public. I have therefore recast my own collections as to the period in question, and presented the substance of them, in five succeeding chapters, as illustrations of his too brief autobiography. This procedure has been attended with many obvious disadvantages; but I greatly preferred it to printing the precious fragment in an appendix.

To this autobiography we turn, as decidedly the most interesting portion of the work.

"The present age has discovered a desire, or rather a rage, for literary anecdote and private history, that may be well permitted to alarm one who has engaged in a certain degree the attention of the public. That I have had more than my own share of popularity, my contemporaries will be as ready to admit, as I am to confess that its measure has exceeded not only my hopes, but my merits, and even wishes. I may be therefore permitted, without an extraordinary degree of vanity, to take the precaution of recording a few leading circumstances (they do not merit the name of events) of a very quiet and uniform life—that, should my literary reputation survive my temporal existence, the public may know from good authority all that they are entitled to know of an individual who has contributed to their amusement. From the lives of some poets a most important moral lesson may doubtless be derived, and few sermons can be read with so much profit as the memoirs of Burns, of Chatterton, or of Savage. Were I conscious of any thing peculiar in my own moral character which could render such development necessary or useful, I would as readily consent to it as I would bequeath my

body to dissection, if the operation could tend to point out the nature and the means of curing any peculiar malady. But as my habits of thinking and acting, as well as my rank in society, were fixed long before I had attained, or even pretended to, any poetical reputation; and as it produced, when acquired, no remarkable change upon either, it is hardly to be expected that much information can be derived from minutely investigating frailties, follies, or vices, not very different in number or degree from those of other men in my situation. As I have not been blessed with the talents of Burns or Chatterton, I have been happily exempted from the influence of their violent passions, exasperated by the struggle of feelings which rose up against the unjust decrees of fortune. Yet, although I cannot tell of difficulties vanquished, and distance of rank annihilated by the strength of genius, those who shall hereafter read this little Memoir may find in it some hints to be improved, for the regulation of their own minds, or the training those of others. Every Scottishman has a pedigree. It is a national prerogative as unalienable as his pride and his poverty. My birth was neither distinguished nor sordid."

Into his genealogy Sir Walter goes at length, relating anecdotes of his progenitors and family in his own natural and playful manner. Thus, he tells of his elder brother, Robert:

"Robert sung agreeably—(a virtue which was never seen in me)—understood the mechanical arts, and when in good humour, could regale us with many a tale of bold adventure and narrow escapes. When in bad humour, however, he gave us a practical taste of what was then man-of-war's discipline, and kicked and cuffed without mercy. I have often thought how he might have distinguished himself had he continued in the navy until the present times, so glorious for nautical exploit. But the peace of Paris cut off all hopes of promotion for those who had not great interest; and some disgust which his proud spirit had taken at harsh usage from a superior officer, combined to throw poor Robert into the East India Company's service, for which his habits were ill adapted. He made two voyages to the East, and died a victim to the climate in..."

Returning to himself, he relates: "I shewed great reluctance to be caught and put to bed, and after being chased about the room, was apprehended and consigned to my dormitory with some difficulty. It was the last time I was to shew such personal agility. In the morning I was discovered to be affected with the fever which often accompanies the cutting of large teeth. It held me three days. On the fourth, when they went to bathe me as usual, they discovered that I had lost the power of my right leg. My grandfather, an excellent anatomist as well as physician, the late worthy Alexander Wood, and many others of the most respectable of the faculty, were consulted. There appeared to be no dislocation or sprain; blisters and other topical remedies were applied in vain. When the efforts of regular physicians had been exhausted, without the slightest success, my anxious parents, during the course of many years, eagerly grasped at every prospect of cure

which was held out by the promise of empirics, or of ancient ladies or gentlemen who conceived themselves entitled to recommend various remedies, some of which were of a nature sufficiently singular. But the advice of my grandfather, Dr. Rutherford, that I should be sent to reside in the country, to give the chance of natural exertion, excited by free air and liberty, was first resorted to; and before I have the recollection of the slightest event, I was, agreeably to this friendly counsel, an inmate in the farm-house of Sandy-Knowe. An odd incident is worth recording. It seems my mother had sent a maid to take charge of me, that I might be no inconvenience in the family. But the damsel sent on that important mission had left her heart behind her, in the keeping of some wild fellow, it is likely, who had done and said more to her than he was like to make good. She became extremely desirous to return to Edinburgh, and as my mother made a point of her remaining where she was, she contracted a sort of hatred at poor me, as the cause of her being detained at Sandy-Knowe. This rose, I suppose, to a sort of delirious affection; for she confessed to old Alison Wilson, the housekeeper, that she had carried me up to the Craigs, meaning, under a strong temptation of the devil, to cut my throat with her scissors, and bury me in the moss. Alison instantly took possession of my person, and took care that her confidant should not be subject to any further temptation, so far as I was concerned. She was dismissed, of course, and I have heard become afterwards a lunatic."

His residence at Sandy-Knowe, and his early education, and the instilling of ballad poetry into his boyhood, have been pretty accurately related in preceding biographies. We select, however, a few passages:

"I was in my fourth year when my father was advised that the Bath waters might be of some advantage to my lameness. My affectionate aunt, although such a journey promised to a person of her retired habits any thing but pleasure or amusement, undertook as readily to accompany me to the wells of Bladud, as if she had expected all the delight that ever the prospect of a watering-place held out to its most impatient waitants. My health was by this time a good deal confirmed by the country air, and the influence of that imperceptible and unfatiguing exercise to which the good sense of my grandfather had subjected me; for, when the day was fine, I was usually carried out and laid down beside the old shepherd, among the crags or rocks round which he fed his sheep. The impatience of a child soon inclined me to struggle with my infirmity, and I began by degrees to stand, to walk, and to run. Although the limb affected was much shrunk and contracted, my general health, which was of more importance, was much strengthened by being frequently in the open air; and, in a word, I who in a city had probably been condemned to hopeless and helpless decrepitude, was now a healthy, high-spirited, and, my lameness apart, a sturdy child—*non sine disanimosus infans*. We went to London by sea, and it may gratify the curiosity of minute biographers to learn that our voyage was

performed in the Duchess of Buccleuch, Captain Beaton, master. At London we made a short stay, and saw some of the common shows exhibited to strangers. When, twenty-five years afterwards, I visited the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey, I was astonished to find how accurate my recollections of these celebrated places of visitation proved to be; and I have ever since trusted more implicitly to my juvenile reminiscences. At Bath, where I lived about a year, I went through all the usual discipline of the pump-room and baths; but, I believe, without the least advantage to my lameness. During my residence at Bath, I acquired the rudiments of reading at a day-school, kept by an old dame near our lodgings; and I had never a more regular teacher, although I think I did not attend her a quarter of a year. An occasional lesson from my aunt supplied the rest. Afterwards, when grown a big boy, I had a few lessons from Mr. Stalker, of Edinburgh; and, finally, from the Rev. Mr. Clure. But I never acquired a just pronunciation, nor could I read with much propriety. In other respects, my residence at Bath is marked by very pleasing recollections. The venerable John Home, author of 'Douglas,' was then at the watering-place, and paid much attention to my aunt and to me. His wife, who has survived him, was then an invalid, and used to take the air in her carriage on the Downs, when I was often invited to accompany her. But the most delightful recollections of Bath are dated after the arrival of my uncle, Captain Robert Scott, who introduced me to all the little amusements which suited my age; and above all, to the theatre. The play was 'As You Like It,' and the witchery of the whole scene is alive in my mind at this moment. I made, I believe, noise more than enough; and remember being so much scandalised at the quarrel between Orlando and his brother in the first scene, that I screamed out, 'A'n't they brothers?' A few weeks' residence at home convinced me, who had till then been an only child in the house of my grandfather, that a quarrel between brothers was a very natural event."

The circumstances of his return to Edinburgh, mixing with the rest of his brethren in his father's house, and his going to High School, are related.

"I read," he says in one of the notes of 1826, "not long since, in that authentic record, called the 'Percy Anecdotes,' that I had been educated at Musselburgh school, where I had been distinguished as an absolute dunce; only Dr. Blair, seeing further into the millstone, had pronounced there was fire in it. I never was at Musselburgh school in my life; and though I have met Dr. Blair at my father's, and elsewhere, I never had the good fortune to attract his notice, to my knowledge. Lastly, I was never a dunce, nor thought to be so, but an incorrigibly idle imp, who was always longing to do something else than what was enjoined him."

The death of Dr. Adam, one of his masters, is very characteristic:

"He survived a few days, but becoming delirious before his dissolution, conceived he was still in school, and after some expressions of applause or censure, he said, 'But it grows dark—the boys may dismiss,' and instantly expired."

Scott was intermediately, for a short period, at Kelso School, under Mr. Launcelot Whaley; and extended his knowledge of English literature:—

"I left the High School, therefore, with a

great quantity of general information,—ill arranged, indeed, and collected without system, yet deeply impressed upon my mind; readily assorted by my power of connexion and memory, and gilded, if I may be permitted to say so, by a vivid and active imagination. If my studies were not under any direction at Edinburgh, in the country, it may be well imagined, they were less so. A respectable subscription library, a circulating library of ancient standing, and some private bookshelves, were open to my random perusal; and I waded into the stream like a blind man into a ford, without the power of searching my way, unless by groping for it. My appetite for books was as ample and indiscriminating as it was indefatigable; and I since have had, too frequently, reason to repent that few ever read so much, and to so little purpose."

"To this period, also, I can trace distinctly the awakening of that delightful feeling for the beauties of natural objects which has never since deserted me. The neighbourhood of Kelso, the most beautiful, if not the most romantic, village in Scotland, is eminently calculated to awaken these ideas. It presents objects, not only grand in themselves, but venerable from their association. The meeting of two superb rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, both renowned in song—the ruins of an ancient abbey—the more distant vestiges of Roxburgh Castle—the modern mansion of Fleurs, which is so situated as to combine the ideas of ancient baronial grandeur with those of modern taste—are in themselves objects of the first class; yet are so mixed, united, and melted among a thousand other beauties of a less prominent description, that they harmonize into one general picture, and please rather by unison than by concord. I believe I have written unintelligibly upon this subject, but it is fitter for the pencil than the pen. The romantic feelings which I have described as predominating in my mind, naturally rested upon and associated themselves with these grand features of the landscape around me; and the historical incidents, or traditional legends, connected with many of them, gave to my admiration a sort of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too big for its bosom. From this time the love of natural beauty, more especially when combined with ancient ruins, or remains of our fathers' piety or splendour, became with me an insatiable passion, which, if circumstances had permitted, I would willingly have gratified by travelling over half the globe."

He attended college very little, was called the *Greek blockhead*, because he did not like the trouble of learning Greek; and was bound apprentice for five years to his father's profession, a writer to the signet. He describes himself as very fond of country excursions, on foot or horseback, to visit remarkable places. In *Literary Societies*, he says, he did not make a great figure.

"I never was a good speaker, unless upon some subject which strongly animated my feelings; and, as I was totally unaccustomed to composition, as well as to the art of generalising my ideas upon any subject, my literary essays were but very poor work. I never attempted them unless when compelled to do so by the regulations of the society, and then I was like the lord of Castle Rackrent, who was obliged to cut down a tree to get a few faggots to boil the kettle; for the quantity of ponderous and miscellaneous knowledge, which I really possessed on many subjects, was not easily condensed, or brought to bear upon the

object I wished particularly to become master of. Yet there occurred opportunities when this odd lumber of my brain, especially that which was connected with the recondite parts of history, did me, as Hamlet says, 'yeoman's service.' My memory of events was like one of the large, old-fashioned stone-cannons of the Turks—very difficult to load well and discharge, but making a powerful effect when by good chance any object did come within range of its shot. Such fortunate opportunities of exploding with effect maintained my literary character among my companions, with whom I soon met with great indulgence and regard."

Looking back on these times, I cannot applaud, in all respects, the way in which our days were spent. There was too much idleness, and sometimes too much conviviality; but our hearts were warm, our minds honourably bent on knowledge and literary distinction; and if I, certainly the least informed of the party, may be permitted to bear witness, we were not without the fair and creditable means of attaining the distinction to which we aspired. In this society, I was naturally led to correct my former useless course of reading; for—feeling myself greatly inferior to my companions in metaphysical philosophy, and other branches of regular study—I laboured, not without some success, to acquire, at least, such a portion of knowledge as might enable me to maintain my rank in conversation. In this I succeeded pretty well; but, unfortunately, then, as often since through my life, I incurred the deserved ridicule of my friends from the superficial nature of my acquisitions, which being, in the mercantile phrase, *got up* for society, very often proved flimsy in the texture; and thus the gifts of an uncommonly retentive memory and acute powers of perception were sometimes detrimental to their possessor, by encouraging him to a presumptuous reliance upon them. Amidst these studies, and in this society, the time of my apprenticeship elapsed; and in 1790, or thereabouts, it became necessary that I should seriously consider to which department of the law I was to attach myself."

This, it is well known, was the study of the law; and the fragment of Autobiography ends in the following words:—

"My progress in life during these two or three years had been gradually enlarging my acquaintance, and facilitating my entrance into good company. My father and mother, already advanced in life, saw little society at home, excepting that of near relations, or upon particular occasions; so that I was left to form connexions, in a great measure, for myself. It is not difficult for a youth with a real desire to please and be pleased, to make his way into good society in Edinburgh—or indeed any where—and my family connexions, if they did not greatly further, had nothing to embarrass, my progress. I was a gentleman, and so welcome any where, if so be I could behave myself, as Tony Lumpkin says, 'in a concatenation accordingly.'"

From Mr. Lockhart's portion of the volume we can take but one example—one, however, of considerable piquancy.

"I have already said something of the beginning of Scott's acquaintance with 'the Ettrick Shepherd.' Shortly after their first meeting, Hogg, coming into Edinburgh with a flock of sheep, was seized with a sudden ambition of seeing himself in print, and he wrote out that same night 'Willie and Katie,' and a few other ballads, already famous in the Forest, which some obscure bookseller gratified him by

putting forth accordingly; but they appear to have attracted no notice beyond their original sphere. Hogg then made an excursion into the Highlands, in quest of employment as overseer of some extensive sheep-farm; but, though Scott had furnished him with strong recommendations to various friends, he returned without success. He printed an account of his travels, however, in a set of letters in the 'Scots Magazine,' which, though exceedingly rugged and uncouth, had abundant traces of the native shrewdness and genuine poetical feeling of this remarkable man. These, also, failed to excite attention; but, undeterred by such disappointments, the Shepherd no sooner read the third volume of the 'Minstrelsy,' than he made up his mind that the editor's 'Imitations of the Ancients' were by no means what they should have been. 'Immediately,' he says, in one of his many Memoirs of himself, 'I chose a number of traditional facts, and set about imitating the manner of the ancients myself.' These imitations he transmitted to Scott, who warmly praised the many striking beauties scattered over their rough surface. The next time that Hogg's business carried him to Edinburgh, he waited upon Scott, who invited him to dinner in Castle Street, in company with William Laidlaw, who happened, also, to be in town, and some other admirers of the rustic genius. When Hogg entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Scott, being at the time in a delicate state of health, was reclining on a sofa. The Shepherd, after being presented, and making his best bow, forthwith took possession of another sofa, placed opposite to hers, and stretched himself thereupon at all his length; for, as he said afterwards, 'I thought I could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house.' As his dress at this period was precisely that in which any ordinary herdsman attends cattle to the market, and as his hands, moreover, bore most legible marks of a recent sheep-shearing, the lady of the house did not observe with perfect equanimity the novel usage to which her chintz was exposed. The Shepherd, however, remarked nothing of all this—dined heartily and drank freely, and, by jest, anecdote, and song, afforded plentiful merriment to the more civilised part of the company. As the liquor operated, his familiarity increased and strengthened; from 'Mr. Scott,' he advanced to 'Sherra,' and thence to 'Scott,' 'Walter,' and 'Wattie,'—until, at supper, he fairly convulsed the whole party by addressing Mrs. Scott as 'Charlotte.'

Jack Brag. By the Author of "Sayings and Doings," "Maxwell," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bentley.

JACK BRAG, the son of a deceased tallow-chandler, is the Parolles or Bobadil of low life, and belonging to our existing condition of society. By sheer effrontery, tricks, and lying, he is enabled to mix with persons in a higher sphere, and figure for a short season among the fashionable world; but his mortifications are many, and his punishment perfect. Our author, inimitable in his painting of scenes such as occur in this tale, has not only displayed in them the combined humours of a Rowlandson and Gilray, but has, by the whole, pointed a moral which, while the former whimsical caricature raises many a laugh, may not be thrown away upon the braggadocians who corrode every link of the social chain. Egotists and pretenders, of every grade and degree, should take a lesson from their prototype, *Jack Brag*; but egotism is too blind to be taught, and pretence too deeply rooted to be eradicated; and even the mortifying and ludi-

crous experiences of our hero will, we fear, be lost upon the inflated fraternity. There is no deceit, perhaps, so perfect as self-deceit; for, though it may be attended by its misgivings for a while, it ultimately triumphs over every doubt, and becomes too confirmed to be shaken. In other cases there are, at least, two minds to share in the imposition: in this there is only one, and the deluded has no chance against the presumption of the deluder. Mr. Hook has sketched the matter admirably in the character of "Brag," of whom it may justly be said, even in his worst humiliations, that,

Raised aloft, he tumbles down again,
But falls so hard he bounds to rise again:

so elastic is that India-rubber property in human nature called Vanity. But our readers would rather, we doubt not, have a few samples from the ever-amusing page of our author than a discourse upon the subject it so cleverly illustrates from us; and, in that belief, we accordingly proceed to exemplify the tale.

The very opening of the work is in Hook's happiest style: it is a dialogue between Jack and his mother, in which both are "done to the life."

"Johnny," said Mrs. Brag, "you are a silly fellow. What is there to be ashamed of in honest industry? If all the fine folks whom you go a-hunting with, and all the rest of it, like you, and are really glad to see you, it is for yourself alone: and if they, who must know by your name and nature that you can never be one of themselves, care a button for you, your trade, so as you do not carry it about with you, will do you no harm. What difference is it to them how you get your thorough-bred horses, your smart scarlet coat, neat tops, and white cords, so as you have them?—they won't give you any new ones when they are gone." "It is all very well talking," said Johnny; "but I never should shew my face amongst them if I once thought they guessed at my real trade. I live in a regular worry as it is. If ever a fellow asks me if I was at Melton last year, that moment I think of the shop: 'pretty mould of a horse' tingles in my ears—'sweet dip of the country' sets me doubting; and, only last week, a proposal to go 'cross country and meet Lord Hurricane's harriers at Hampton Wick nearly extinguished me." "And what now, Johnny," said Mrs. Brag, "do you think these lords take you for, if not for a tallow-chandler?" "An independent gentleman," said Jack. "That is to say," replied his mother, "a gentleman who has nothing to depend upon." "They look upon me as an agreeable rattle," said John. "One that has often been in the watchman's hands, too," said the old lady. "I talk big and ride small," said Jack: "I am always up with the hounds—never flinch at any thing—am the pride of the field wherever I go—and, in steeple-chases, of infinite value." "And very little weight, my dear Johnny," interrupted his mother. "One of my dearest friends," continued Brag, "Lord Tom Towzle, a deuce of a fellow amongst the females, is going to put me up as a candidate at the Travellers." "What, riders for respectable houses?" said Mrs. Brag: "and a very proper club, too." "Respectable houses!" said Jack. "Poh! not a bit of it! What! buggen in buggies with boxes of buttons in the boots? No, no! the Travellers—*par excellence*." "Par what?" said Mrs. Brag. "What, d'ye mean the fine club-house in Pall Mall which you shewed me the outside of last king's birth-night?" "The same," said Brag. "Now, if I had stuck to the naked, as Lord Tom says—told the plain unvarnished—I never could have

qualified. Lord Tom asked me if I should like to belong to the Travellers?"—in course I said yes—straight up, right down, and no mistake. Well, then he asks me if I could qualify;—so, not quite understanding him, he says, 'Have you ever been in Greece?' 'Yes,' said I: 'I might have added 'up to the elbows often;' didn't though. Had him dead. Down he whips my name, and calls in Sir Somebody Something out of the street to second me.' 'If you should get in there, Johnny,' said Mrs. Brag, 'do get 'em to give up gas and take to oil on illumination nights.'

"But pray, Johnny, where do these people think you live?" "At a great house in Grosvenor Street," said Jack, "next door to What-d'ye-call-'em's Hotel: my name is on the door, and my address on my card." "But you don't live there," said Mrs. Brag. "Not I," replied the son: "I only rent the door." "How d'ye mean?" said his mother. "Why, I went to the man," said Brag, "who keeps the house." "Now, sir," said I, "I want to rent four square inches of your panels." He was puzzled for the moment; but I was down upon him in no time, and no mistake.—Out I pull from my pocket a brass plate of those precise dimensions, whereon is engraven 'Mr. Brag.' "What will you take per annum," said I, "to let this be screwed on to your door, and let your servant take in my cards and letters?" Startled him a little at first: however, he entered himself for the plate, acceded to my proposition,—and so, for the trifling consideration of four guineas per annum, and a tip to the slavey, I get the credit of five windows in front, three stories high, in one of the best streets in London. "But do none of your friends ever expect to be let in?" said Mrs. Brag. "Yes," said Brag, "for a good thing now and then,—and so they are, pretty often. Long head, mother—have it here"—tapping his forehead with his fore finger—"look simple with my fresh colour and curly hair, but as deep as Garrick—cannot write your X's Z's with me"—else, in course, they might expect admission. "Not at home," is always the answer. "Out of town?" is the next question:—"Yes," is the next answer. "Where?" comes next. "Down at his little place in Surrey." That finishes it. They lodge their pasteboard and away they go. "Little place in Surrey!" said Mrs. Brag: "why, what d'ye mean? Have you a country-house, too?" "Country-house!" said Brag: "Lord bless your dear heart, not I! Nothing but my old lodging, on the second floor, No. 37, at the carpenter's, corner of Caterpillar Row, Kennington." "And that you call your little place in Surrey, do you?" said Mrs. Brag. "Yes, mother, and no fib neither," said Brag. "It is almost the littlest place I ever saw in my life; and, as for Caterpillar Row, if it isn't in Surrey, I know nothing of going 'cross a country." "Ah, Johnny, Johnny," said his respected parent, with a mingled look of sorrow and admiration, "you never will mend till it is too late!" "Mother," said Jack, "now you say that, I think I shall be too late for Lord Tom Towzle. We are going off for Wigglesford to mark out a line. All ready for a run: we have got no moneys in us—none of your bowling-green, daisy-cutting work for us—no, we'll try to pick out rasping-fences, bottomless brooks, and ditches as wide as rivers—in a steeple-chase, without killing a horse or two, cracking a collar-bone, slipping a shoulder, or pitching an out-and-outer on the top of his conk, is no fun in the world." "Ah! well, well," said Mrs. Brag. "I wish you would give a little time to the books and the business: some day you'll

repent this,' 'Not I, mother,' said Jack: 'I can pull up any day and marry. I never yet saw the woman I could not win—they are all ready to let me up: in course, as the book says, I am the more wary—hang back a bit. Don't you see, as I get on in the world, I get up; and if I can marry a Lady Sally or a Lady Susan—eh! won't that be nice?'—'specially if there happens to be an odd thirty or forty thousand pounds tacked to the title.' 'Don't flatter yourself, Johnny,' replied Mrs. Brag, shaking her head: 'that scheme will never answer.' 'You'll see,' said Jack:—'I say nothing, but you'll see.'"

The widow thinks seriously of marrying again, as her hopeful son advises her, and anonymously advertises for a husband; which advertisement is answered, in the dark, by Jack and some of his dashing associates, for a frolic. His meeting with his mother on Waterloo Bridge, by concerted appointment and signals, is a capital bit; but we must follow him a little in his swift career. He is dining with a distinguished party, to whom he has pushed his way, at Dover.

"It strikes me," said Sir James, "that our government ought in some way to interfere, in order to prevent the exportation of our best English horses; the effect of which must eventually be,—not only the improvement of the breed in countries which, however peaceable the world looks just now, must and will, in the course of time, be at war with us,—but the deprival of the English cavalry of their acknowledged superiority in cattle, at all events, over our enemies." "If I had my way," said Brag, encouraged by the deference with which Sir James addressed this observation specially to him, "not a nag should go abroad—no, not at any price. I have been over and over again offered lumps of money for some of my hunters to go to France and Germany, and the deuce knows where. No, says I, not a bit of it: I'm English from top to toe—straight up, right down, and no mistake. I'll be no party to mending the foreign breed, let what may happen." The German baron coughed, and young Gunnersbury silently expressed his astonishment at the burst which his father's injudicious patronage of the stranger had occasioned. "You are a true sportsman, sir," said Lord Dullingham, gravely taking a pinch of snuff. "And," said Lord Tom, "as good a rider as you'll see from Totnes to Newcastle." "I do flatter myself," said Jack, "I can come it strong in that line"—(here Sir Henry Rocky exchanged a look with Carnaby)—"and no mistake. Lord Tom knows what I'm up to. In one week I've hunted five times, rode two trotting matches, and three steeple-chases, picked up a hundred stones with my mouth in fifty-five minutes, and killed two hundred and nineteen brace of partridges." "With a long bow," said somebody, loud enough to be heard by every body except Jack himself, who was now on his hobby. "I stick at nothing in that way," said Brag; "do I, my lord?"—looking at Lord Tom. "Many a time I've gone after hounds for twenty minutes, as blind as a bat, as wet as a rat, and as sick as a cat, with the skin of my leg rasped up by the top of a growler from my shin to my knee, and only brought to my senses then by bumping my head right against that of my horse, for all the world like a flash of lightning, that loosened all my teeth in their sockets. That's what I call going across a country, and no mistake. I'd have backed my 'Tantrum' against any thing of his age and inches that ever switched rasper. Jem Jiggins had the handling of him for some

time, and a queer one he was, at first; but they as begins rum, turns out generally well in the end. One day, however, sold him:—run three foxes, one after another, right on end, seventy-two miles and a half in all!—he was done—got my money for him though, after that. Had him painted; the picture is now at a little place I have in Surrey, with me on his back, topping a flight of rails, just alongside of "Fly-away Dick," with portraits of two or three Melton men in the distance—eh!—that's good!"

As a variety, we may notice the apparition of his mother after her second marriage, one of the incidents which tend to floor the unlucky aspirant to "tip-top" association. Jack and Colonel Stiffkey (who does him out of a few hundreds at *écarte*) are sipping their claret after dinner at Eastbourne, when his "Ma" arrives per coach, and forces her way into the room where they are sitting.

"Don't disturb yourself, sir," said the lady; "there's plenty of room:—only, coming outside, the wind blows up all about one, and I'm as cold as charity—though Jim made me have a glass of hot rum and water at the last place we stopped at." "Very nice beverage, ma'am," said Stiffkey, with one of his most graceful bows. "My dear ma'am," said Jack, "wouldn't you rather have another room? We have scarcely finished dinner, and it would be more comfortable to have a sitting-room to yourself." "They haven't got another sitting-room disengaged," said the lady; "Jim asked them. No matter: what's good enough for you, Jack, is good enough for me; so this will do for us till bed-time." "My dear colonel," said Jack—"My dear sir," said Stiffkey, "no apologies. I am too glad to see any friends of yours—if I don't intrude." "Intrude!" said the lady, "not a bit: we have no secrets, sir. To be sure, things have turned out queerish: however, you have as much right here as we, and we as you—so we won't make no words of that. Why, you dine late, Jack!" "No, on the contrary, rather early," said Jack, perfectly at a loss what to do, overcome by the unexpectedness of the visit, from its being so particularly ill-timed, and by the malicious determination which Stiffkey had too evidently formed of not stirring: indeed, the announcement of the fact, that there was no other sitting-room disengaged, would of itself have justified his remaining in what really was his own apartment, even if he had not wished to stay out a scene which promised him some amusement. "Jack," said the lady, "I want you just to look out and see if Jim is getting in all the bundles and things." "Who is Jim?" said Jack, in an under tone. "Jim Salmon," said the lady. "What! is he with you?" "Yes," said his mother, "where else should he be?" At this moment Jem made his appearance, dressed in a tight light green coat, and a buff-waistcoat, with striped blue and white cotton trousers, made tightish to his plump figure, a coloured check handkerchief round his neck, and a white hat stuck on one side of his head, with a bunch of whitish-red curls sticking out from under it. "Ah!" said Jem, "Brag, how d'ye do?—didn't expect us, I reckoned—skimming down here—eh? Titsy would come—agreeable surprise—twig?" "Very agreeable, indeed!" said Brag, drawing back somewhat indignantly from the familiar approach of the *ci-devant* shop-boy. "Have you got all the parcels up to the bed-room, J. S.?" said the lady. "Yes, Titsy," said Jem. "Got the umbrella, J. S.?" said the lady. "No, Titsy," replied Jem, "but I'll be after it in no time—twig?" Jack's dismay and mortifi-

cation had now risen to a considerable height. What could have induced his mother to make Jem Salmon her travelling companion?—what could have induced her to undertake the journey?—or what Jem could mean by calling his respectable parent 'Titsy,' were to him questions unsolvable. One thing, however, appeared necessary: the old lady had evidently planted herself for the evening where she was. Stiffkey, who had scarcely begun his wine, and had no engagement elsewhere, had quietly deposited himself in an arm chair; Jack, therefore, felt it absolutely essential to introduce the colonel to their fair visitor, resolving, afterwards, to check her in her conversation, so as to prevent the development of all the real circumstances of the case, and trust to chance and impudence to wriggle through and out of this most 'untoward affair.' "This, colonel," said Jack, "is my mother. Colonel Stiffkey, madam." Mutual bows ratified the treaty. "I say," said the lady, "put a chair for Jem. P'raps he is taking a drop of something." "Mr. Salmon, ma'am," said Brag, "is he coming in?" "I s'pose so," said the lady. "Oh!" said Brag. "Here he is," said the lady. "All right now, Jim?" "Yes, Titsy," said Jem. Jack's astonishment at the repetition of this 'familiar word,' was too great to admit of concealment; and, accordingly, betrayed itself in his countenance. "Ah!" said his mother, "that's it—isn't it, Jim? He doesn't know all." "No," said Jem—"don't twig, Titsy." "I told you, John, I should surprise you one of these days," said his mother: "J. S. and I are married!" "Married!" exclaimed Jack. "Yes," said Jem, "Titsy is Mrs. Salmon—d'ye twig?" "My dear mother," said Jack, "are you serious?" "No, Jack," replied Mrs. James Salmon, "for such she really was,—never less serious in my life since your daddy died. All true: Jim and I were married, last Friday was a week, at Hornsey church, and passed the honey-day—we couldn't stop out longer on account of the business—at 'The Sluice House.' 'This is really a surprise!' said Stiffkey, sipping his claret, looking, how—it is impossible to describe. Jack was, as Major Downing says, 'catawomposely stumped,' and could say nothing. 'It oughtn't to be, sir,' said Mrs. Salmon, addressing herself to the dandy. 'Jack knewed well enough what a lone life I led. He never came near me—never, except for what you could get, Jack—did you? He advised me to marry, sir—and I could tell you a pretty story about that, if I liked—eh! Jack?—the pickle-shop. Well, so things went on, till at last—praise afore people's faces sometimes spoils them—I took Jim for better or worse.' A very prudent resolve, indeed, ma'am," said the colonel, taking a huge pinch of snuff. "My dear colonel," said Jack, "I am sure we ought to apologise for troubling you with our family affairs. I wish—eh!—isn't there any other room—are you sure?" "A'nt I?" said Jem—"first thing as I axed about—twig?" "Get yourself something warm, Jim," said the ancient bride: "I'm sure if the cold once gets into your poor little stomach, you'll have no rest all night. I know what it is myself to be troubled with cold: and I tell you what, Johnny, we shall want a bit of something by way of supper; for though we had three or four mutton-chops at Godstone, which were very nicely done, and fine meat, too, and uncommon fat, still that was some time ago—and I get peckish at night, somehow." "Fat!" said Mr. Salmon—"yes, they were fat—reminded me of the shop, Brag—twig?" "I should venture to recommend," said the colonel, with the

most studied politeness, 'something to drink—a glass of claret—or——' 'Oh, Lor' no!' said Mrs. Salmon, 'no claret for me, sir: as I used to say to my poor dear first—Jack's father—don't talk to me of claret: it's a waste of time as well as of money to drink them sort of thin stuffs! If Jack was to have behaved like what he is, he might have asked me to take some kind of refreshment before this; for since the rum and water at—what do they call that last place we stopped at, James?'—'Wholesome, Titsy,' said the bridegroom. 'Hailsham, mother,—Hailsham,' said Jack, 'is the name of the place.' 'I haven't had the least drop as is, in my mouth, since Godstone,' continued Mrs. Salmon. 'And there,' said Salmon, 'the hale was uncommon 'eavy.' 'What! ma'am,' said Stiffkey, 'had you a storm, coming down?' 'No, no,' said Jack, '—who, although he could not, as his mother would have said, "exasperate" the *h* himself, was nervously alive to the absurdity of any body else who laboured under a similar incapacity.—"ale—the ale was heavy." "Come Mr. Brag," said the colonel, 'the wine is with you.' 'Yes,' said Jack, 'and I'm not the man to stop it—eh? I like it to go—keep circulating, as we say, right up, straight down, and no mistake!' 'What do they charge, John, for claret here?' said Mrs. Salmon, addressing her son. 'Can't say, I am sure,' said Jack. 'I say,' said Salmon, leaning over towards his wife, with his hand up to his mouth to hide a very audible whisper—that's it—they never pay!—twig? But, I say, Titsy, what will you have—something hot?' 'Whatever you like, dear,' said the respectable matron. 'I tell you what,' said Salmon, 'I'll just go out and brew for you myself. I know your taste—eh?—don't I? Sugar, rum, nutmeg—eh?—twig?' With this most affectionate speech Mr. Salmon left the room; Jack regularly used up; and the colonel, who was now convinced that his particular friend must be the identical creature described in Gunnersbury's letter from Dover, having thrown himself back in his chair, waited to hear what might happen next.

In the third volume, Jack's impudence, favoured by circumstances (for which, like others throughout, we must give the author credit, rather than think them very probable), becomes owner of a yacht, and almost a member of the Aristonautic Club which sails by that name,—gives splendid entertainments on board, &c.; but is finally found out, and obliged to "cut and run." His amours, and their result, and the finale of his family affairs with Mrs. Titsy, and James, and James's favourite lady, a little actress—in short, the inevitable prostrations which attend his every effort at imposition—are all described in a manner which excites great merriment; while, at the same time, the author has, with great art, imparted such an interest to the insignificant creature, that the reader carries it on to the end, and is really anxious to learn what is his final fate. Many of the other portraits are drawn with a skillful pencil; Mr. and Mrs. Peckover, a huge Nimrod, henpecked by a delicate little wife; Lady Lavinia Newbiggen, the fantastic bore with her illustrious genealogy; Lord Tom Towzle, and his clique; and nearly all the lesser sketches, are, indeed, excellent, and display so accurate a knowledge and acute and ludicrous appreciation of the world as it goes, that *Jack Brag* will justly take its place beside the popular *Sayings and Doings*, and *Maxwell*.

The Miscellaneous Works of Oliver Goldsmith, M.B. including a variety of Pieces now first collected. By James Prior, F.A.S. &c. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Murray.

ALTHOUGH, since the days of Goldsmith, a new school of poetry, and consisting of several prominent classes, has not only arisen in England, but almost faded into a cloudy preparation for another era; and although the style of prose writing has undergone a marked alteration, the reader will turn, with pleasure and delight, to these volumes, in which the treasures of Goldsmith's mind are collected. His poetry the sweetest of didactic and descriptive writing; and his prose the most easy and natural, whether in fiction, in popular science, or in the various branches of polite literature which employed his pen, must always appeal with effect to human sympathies and gentle imagining. To the "Traveller" or "Deserted Village" we can ever turn with gratified taste from the stirring and ancient troubadour ballad-compositions of Scott, the fierce and fiery delineations of passion in Byron, or the native simplicities and rural beauties of the bards of the Lakes; and no time nor change (though many another wild, romantic, or vivid tale of genius may intervene) can efface the claims of the domestic "Vicar of Wakefield" upon our affectionate participation in his troubles and sorrows. Thus, the publication which now issues from the press must always continue to be a family library in the best sense, exhibiting specimens of almost every species of authorship which pertained to the generation before that which is now passing away—the generation of the Johnsons, Burkes, Humes, Robertsons, Goldsmiths, and other worthies, whose names are inscribed on the bright page of English lettered immortality.

The way to this acceptable work has been fitly paved by Mr. Prior's *Life of Goldsmith*; and, having so lately reviewed that biography, it is at present only necessary for us to mention the particulars of this its successor.

The first volume has a brief advertisement, in which it is generally described.

"The pieces (says the editor) now for the first time collected are numerous; but the editor has said so much on most of them in his recent "Life of Goldsmith," that any detailed account of them here will not be required. Some of them will, in his opinion, be found of high merit; and to the rest, the language of Goldsmith himself, in reviewing a collection of pieces, by Montesquieu, put forth under similar circumstances, is strikingly applicable: "There is," he says, "a pleasure arising from the perusal of the very bagatelles of men renowned for their knowledge and genius; and we receive with veneration those pieces, after they are dead, which would lessen them in our estimation while living: sensible that we shall enjoy them no more, we treasure up, as precious relics, every saying and word that has escaped them; but their writings, of every kind, we deem inestimable. Cicero observes, that we behold with transport and enthusiasm the little barren spot, or ruins of a house, in which a person celebrated for his wisdom, his valour, or his learning, lived. When he coasted along the shores of Greece, all the heroes, statesmen, orators, philosophers, and poets, of those famed republics, rose in his memory, and were present to his sight: how much more would he have been delighted with any of their posthumous works, however inferior to what he had before seen!" Both the old and the new materials are accompanied with brief notes, clearing up the local and temporary allusions in which they abound; but which the lapse of another gene-

ration would probably have rendered it impossible for any diligence to explain."

"The Bee," without alteration, commences the original matter, and occupies about 150 pages. It is followed by essays, of which some dozen or fourteen are now "first collected." One of these, "On Public Rejoicings for Victory," contains a passage which we may quote as a fair sample of the whole.

"A country at war resembles a flambeau: the brighter it burns the sooner it is often wasted. The exercise of war, for a short time, may be useful to society, which grows putrid by a long stagnation. Vices spring up in a long-continued peace, from too great an admiration of commerce, and too great a contempt for arms; war corrects these abuses, if of but a short continuance. But when prolonged beyond that useful period, it is apt to involve society in every distress. The property of a country, by its continuance, is transferred from the enterprising; from men of abilities to men who have no other qualification than bravery; every man who is enriched by the trade of war is only rewarded from the spoils of some unhappy member of society, who could no longer live by the trade of peace. Now, now, then is the time to offer terms of accommodation; and as we conquer our enemies in war, so let us excel them in generosity. Let us sheath the sword that has already reeked with too much blood. Let victory be attended by peace; for peace is the only triumph of victory."

The "History of Miss Stanton," another of the new Essays, and not included in any former edition of Goldsmith's works, is curious and interesting, as being almost a complete sketch of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Notwithstanding its monstrous finale, we shall give it entire in a future *Gazette*.

Prefaces and Introductions, with much new matter, complete this volume. We take an example, which will be felt more aptly at this moment, when we have just shewn our readers some of the facts connected with the Seven Years' War, as illustrated from state papers by Von Raumer. In the preface to his history of that war, Goldsmith writes:—

"But whatever these contentions may be thought of by others, they will never be regarded by Britons but as instances of her power, her bravery, and her successes. In this war England will appear in greater splendour than in any period of the most boasted antiquity; it will be seen to poise the fates of Europe, and bring its most potent and most ambitious states into the lowest degree of humiliation. This is a glory which should excite every lover of his country to celebrate as well as to share in."

Such is the grandiloquence of hack writing addressed to power and popularity: even the genius of a Goldsmith could not surmount the evil; and we see, when history is looked at through the medium of truth, what sad misrepresentations pass under its name when contemporary purposes demand the prostitution of the pen.

The second volume gives us "The Citizen of the World," and a "Familiar Introduction to the Study of Natural History;" the latter now first collected; but containing nothing which could throw a light upon a science now so much further advanced and more successfully cultivated. Vol. III. has the incomparable "Vicar of Wakefield;" biographies of Voltaire, Beau Nash, Dr. Parnell, and Lord Bolingbroke; and some miscellaneous criticisms. On these we may, perhaps, bestow another notice; but must now finish by stating that Goldsmith's cele-

brated poems and dramas, with the "Oratorio of the Captivity," miscellaneous pieces, and criticisms on poetry and the *belles lettres* (the last now first collected) complete the fourth volume and the work.

"*Letter, in Prose and Verse, to Mrs. Bunbury*—Madam, I read your letter with all that allowance which critical candour could require; but, after all, find so much to object to, and so much to raise my indignation, that I cannot help giving it a serious answer. I am not so ignorant, madam, as not to see there are many sarcasms contained in it, and solecisms also (solecism is a word that comes from the town of Soleis, in Attica, among the Greeks, built by Solon, and applied as we use the word Kidderminster for curtains, from a town also of that name—but this is learning you have no taste for)—I say, madam, there are sarcasms in it, and solecisms also. But, not to seem an ill-natured critic, I'll take leave to quote your own words, and give you my remarks upon them as they occur. You begin as follows:

"I hope, my good doctor, you soon will be here, And your spring velvet coat very smart will appear, To open our ball the first day in the year."

Pray, madam, where did you ever find the epithet 'good' applied to the title of doctor? Had you called me learned doctor, or grave doctor, or noble doctor, it might be allowable, because they belong to the profession. But, not to cavil at trifles, you talk of my spring velvet coat, and advise me to wear it the first day in the year—that is in the middle of winter; a spring velvet in the middle of winter!!! That would be a solecism, indeed; and yet, to increase the inconsistency, in another part of your letter you call me a beau. Now, on one side or other, you must be wrong: if I am a beau, I can never think of wearing a spring velvet in winter; and if I am not a beau—why—then—that explains itself. But let me go on to your two next strange lines:

"And bring with you a wig that is modish and gay, To dance with the girls that are making of hay."

The absurdity of making hay at Christmas you yourself seem sensible of; you say your sister will laugh, and so, indeed, she will may. The Latins have an expression for a contemptuous sort of laughter, *Naso contemnere aduoco*; that is, to laugh with a crooked nose: she may laugh at you in the manner of the ancients if she thinks fit. But now I am come to the most extraordinary of all extraordinary propositions, which is, to take your and your sister's advice in playing at loo. The presumption of the offer raises my indignation beyond the bounds of prose; it inspires me at once with verse and resentment. I take advice! And from whom? You shall hear.

First let me suppose, what may shortly be true, The company set and the word to be loo;
All snivelling and pleasant, and big with adventure,
And ogling the stake which is fixed in the centre.
Round and round go the cards, while I inwardly damn,
At never once finding a visit from paun;
I lay down my stake apparently cool,
While the harpies about me all pocket the pool;
I fret in my gizzard, get cautious and sly,
I wish all my friends may be bolder than I;
Yet still they sit snug; not a creature will aim,
By losing their money, to venture at fame.
"Tis in vain that at niggardly caution I scold,
"Tis in vain that I flatter the brave and the bold;
All play their own way, and they think me an ass.
What does Mrs. Bunbury? I, sir? I pass.
Pray what does Miss Horneck? Take courage—come, do.
Who, I? Let me see, sir—why, I must pass too.
Mrs. Bunbury frets, and I fret like the devil,
To see them so cowardly, lucky, and civil;
Yet still I sit snug, and continue to sigh on,
Till made by my losses as bold as a lion.
I venture at all, while my avance regards
The whole pool as my own; come, give me five cards.
Well done! cry the ladies; ah! doctor, that's good,
The pool's very rich! ah! the doctor is loo'd.
Thus foil'd in my courage, on all sides perplex'd,
I ask for advice from the lady that's next.

Pray, ma'am, be so good as to give your advice;
Don't you think the best way is to venture for't twice?
I advise, cries the lady, to try it, I own.
Ah! the doctor is loo'd. Come doctor, put down.
Thus playing and playing I still grow more eager,
And so bold and so bold, I'm at last a bold beggar.
Now, ladies, I ask, if law matters you're skilled in,
Whether crimes such as yours should not come before

Fielding!
For giving advice that is not worth a straw,
May well be called picking of pockets in law;
And picking of pockets, with which I now charge ye,
Is, by *quinto* Elizabeth, death without clergy.
What justice, when both to the Old Bailey brought!
By the gods I'll enjoy it, tho' 'tis but in thought!
Both are placed at the bar with all proper decorum,
With bunches of fennel and nosegays before 'em;
Both cover their faces with mobs and all that,
But the judge bids them angrily take off their hat.
When uncover'd, a buzz of inquiry goes round,
Pray, what are their crimes? They've been pilfering

found.
But, pray, whom have they pilfer'd? A doctor, I hear.
What, your solemn-faced old-looking man that stands

near?
The same. What a pity! how does it surprise one!
Two handsomer culprits I never set eyes on!
Then their friends all come round me with cringing and

leering.
To melt me to pity and soften my swearing.
First Sir Charles advances with phrases well strung—
Consider, dear doctor, the girls are but young.
The younger the worse, I return him again,
It shows that their habits are all dyed in grain.
But then they're so handsome, one's bosom it grieves:
What signifies handsome when people are thieves?
But where is your justice? their cases are hard:
What signifies justice?—I want the reward—

There's the parish of Edmonton offers forty pound—there's the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, offers forty pound—there's the parish of Tyburn, from the Hog in the Pound to St. Giles's Watchhouse, offers forty pound: I shall have all that if I convict them.

But consider their case—it may yet be your own;
And see how they kneel! Is your heart made of stone?
This moves; so at last I agree to relent,
For ten pounds in hand and ten pounds to be spent.

I challenge you all to answer this. I tell you, you cannot. It cuts deep. But now for the rest of the letter; and next—but I want room.—So I believe I shall battle the rest out at Barton some day next week.—I don't value you all. O. G."

Illustrations of Human Life. By the Author of "Tremaine" and "De Vere." 3 vols. Colburn.

HUMAN life is a thing of many aspects, many phases, and he is a delightful mundane-astronomer who can observe and note them for us, the great orbs and their satellites, the comets, and all the little, even the shooting stars, which attract our admiration or cross our sphere. Whether born on high and of glorious splendour, or mere emanations of muddy matter, the study of their various forms and appearances is one of extreme interest; for we are taught and feel that we are part of the system, and that our shine or twinkle belongs to the aggregate mass. This sort of *quorum pars* is a mighty ally to an author. Does he exalt what we imagine in ourselves, or does he hit some little conscious foible; no matter—we are not alien to the scheme; and what from complacency, comparison, or some other deliciously blinding quality, we arrive at the idea that where we exist at all we must be something, if not somebody!

Mr. Ward has addressed his observations, in these volumes, to such a multitude of subjects, and exhibited such a multitude of individual characters, that hardly any living being could fancy himself excluded from the crowded pale. To revert to our astronomical parallel, his first volume is a double star, called "Atticus," and "St. Lawrence;" and his other two volumes, under the name of "Fielding," an absolute milky way of innumerable lights. In the whole, he displays all the attraction and merits of his preceding works. Much reading and

reflection, great experience of the world, sensibility towards the beauties of nature, and a highly cultivated taste, a pleasant and accurate acquaintance with mankind, and a philosophical turn of mind, engendered by these preliminaries and by leisure, are the prominent features of the production before us.

Instead of being one work, however, it is three; and, even with our bounded limits, we must notice the trio distinctly and separately.

"Atticus" is an essay on moderation, which induces retirement from active life in a Lord Grenville of the author's imagining. He is wooed back to office by friends who miss and want him; and the results of his firm grounds for contented refusal are stated in several letters from the confidant sent to sound him. A few passages will serve to shew the nature of this treatise, finely enriched by familiar illustrations from excellent authors. The love of flowers is described in language which will be echoed by thousands who may, like us, enjoy a passion for these sweet, enchanting, and evanescent "loves."

"Then I would not have my garden too extended. Not because flowers are not the most delicious things on earth, speaking to the sentiment as well as the senses, but on account of the intrinsic and superior value of moderation. When interests are divided, they are not so strong. Three acres of flowers and a regiment of gardeners bring no more pleasure than a sufficiency. Besides which, in the smaller possession, there is more room for the mental pleasure to step in, and refine all that which is sensual. We become acquainted, as it were, and even form friendships, with individual flowers. We bestow more care upon their bringing up and progress. They seem sensible of our favour, absolutely to enjoy it, and make pleasing returns by their beauty, health, and sweetness. In this respect, a hundred thousand roses which we look at *en masse*, do not identify themselves with us in the same manner as even a very small border; and hence, if the cottager's mind is properly attuned, the little cottage garden may give him more real delight than belongs to the owner of a thousand acres. All this is so entirely nature, that, give me a garden well kept, however small, two or three spreading trees, and a mind at rest, and I would defy the world."

"St. Lawrence," which divides the first volume with the foregoing, involves a metaphysical disquisition on free will, secondary causes, and supernatural agencies; but is heralded by a few striking superstitious stories, and one of which would make a prodigiously effective modern drama. Castle Campbell, on the Mull of Cantyre, with its storm and story of the cannibal, Sawney Bean; the tales of Lord Lyttleton and Mr. Andrews; and one of Sir Evan Nepean (less known, but, perhaps, too well to admit of repetition), lead the way to a more detailed relation of a ghostly apparition in Derbyshire, which is so exceedingly well told, that we can only regret the impossibility of detaching any intelligible portion of it from the general mass. We can, therefore, only bid our readers to read also the Offley legend; whose only defect is a sad mangling of the Scotch dialect in its Edinburgh scenes.

With regard to "Fielding," whatever we may be tempted to do hereafter, we must for the present be contented to say, that it consists of the briefest sketches of London life and character; though never personal, often recognisable, and rather inclined to the satirical view of both. The first part is very desultory, and relates to passing people, whom a Sir G.

Etheredge points out to a young country friend in town. We select a few passages, as specimens :—

"'And have you not, then,' replied Etheredge, 'ever heard of the struggles and strifes created by our artificial modes of life; of the consequent difficulties imposed by the laws of society; and the fetters in which most men, and all women, hold one another? It is the boast of Englishmen, that there are no privileged orders, and that the career of ambition, as well as of the law, is equally open to all. Such is our theoretical constitution. But look at our practice, and all is contradicted. Never was such a tyranny as that exercised by all classes over one another. The very equality of their legal rights makes them eager to surround themselves with a wall of ceremonies and interdictions, which cause our philosophers to laugh in their closets; but which, nevertheless, even they obey the moment they come into the world. It is the fashion to attribute this to the aristocracy alone. That is not so. There is fashion every where, and as many shades of it as divisions in the social ranks. The aristocracy being at the head, are, of course, more marked; but they have not more pride (perhaps they have less) than their inferiors. There is as much exclusiveness prevalent among tradesmen, churchmen, and lawyers (I am not so sure of the doctors), and a great deal more from great to little squires at a race-ball, as well as from both towards the citizens of a neighbouring town, as prevails among dukes and lords of the highest degree. Indeed, the difference is in favour of the latter, from their being higher bred, higher born, and further removed from rivalry. This difference prevailed a long time ago, and is not confined to England. You may remember *La Bruyère*,—'*La ville est partagée en diverses sociétés, qui sont comme des petites républiques, qui ont leurs loix, leurs usages, leurs jargons, et leurs mots pour rire.*' The contention is generally most fierce between the classes that most approximate to each other; as foreign potentates who are nearest neighbours are said to be the most natural enemies."

"After dinner, we, of course, fell upon politics; and the ministry were, of course, attacked and defended. One of the assailants was particularly violent against the personal character of the premier; he was a mere fool, if not something worse; unfit to be trusted, and suspected of betraying the people whom he had used as a stepping-stone. He was reproved as too personal in his reprehension. 'What motive can I have,' said he, 'but anxiety for the public good?' Alas! poor human nature! I afterwards found that the minister's lady had turned her back on the patriot's wife at court. 'But do not let that surprise you,' said my informant, 'for Marshal Ney met his death—that is, he deserted Lewis XVIII., and was shot for it—precisely from the same cause.'" I thought all this very strange; but I found from Etheredge, when I mentioned it to him, that it was very common. 'It is inconceivable,' said he, 'how much may be done or undone by a bow or curtsy, given, or omitted. I have known a man of talent sulk for a twelve-month with a lady of fashion, because she did not acknowledge his salute at the Opera, though the poor offender, being much engaged, really did not see him. Another gifted person, much connected with the press, would never join the world in attacking a celebrated

countess, because she had appeared interested in his conversation at a dinner, and, on withdrawing, had dropped him a most graceful curtsy. From that time forth, while not unjustly blamed by his contemporary writers for a great deal of *hauteur*, the paper he was connected with always spoke of her as a pattern of condescension."

A literary character, and Mr. Ward's remarks, come too near home to a literary editor to be omitted, and we give them (except a few varieties) in conclusion for this number :—

"Tired of his gown, he thought the field of college exertion too contracted, and even that of a learned profession too confined: for he was a man of genius, an aspirer after general fame, and a candidate for possible power in the senate of the state, as well as of the university. Very brilliant examples of success in these views swam perpetually before his eyes, in the recesses of his cloister and the twilight of his library:—rhetoricians, orators, and great civilians, with place, power, name, and often with wealth; at worst, leaders of the taste of the public, with a high seat in the rank and fashion of London. All this haunted his imagination. His reputation had spread to the metropolis, and he grew disdainful of college restraints and college companions. He panted to be in another sphere; and being forced to decide for the church, or give up his fellowship, he resolved upon the latter. He did this without having taken the slight precaution of examining the resources upon which he was to count, until his fortune should be made by letters; and he arrived in town with the means of, perhaps, six months' subsistence in his pocket. This at first did not much affect him; he had only to grasp his pen, and a mine was opened. Reviewers, and directors of literary works, got from three hundred to three thousand a-year. He would begin with the smaller first; but how to be made known to the dispensers of these graces, or, being known, how to obtain them, he had scarcely asked himself. Reputation, however, will always do something for a man at first; and his object being known, he had offers which, in his situation, he ought not to have despised. It was proposed to him to take a part in reviews; and examples of high place in the state acquired by writers who had thus begun, tempted him. But he was appalled to find that he was himself to undergo revision, before publication; and he refused. He was then offered the place of literary assistant to a great capitalist; that is, to advise him on the merits of manuscripts. But, though himself a writer of genuine taste, he knew absolutely nothing of the taste of the town, and hardly of the age. Some publishers proposed novels. But though he might know the manners of the Greeks, he knew nothing of May Fair; besides, he despised the name. Others offered high for a forcible political pamphlet. But though he knew *Thucydides*, he had little acquaintance with English parties, except by report, and none at all with foreign polity. He, however, so far listened to the conductor of one most influential paper, as to undertake a fair and impartial review (such was the title submitted to him) of the character and conduct of the different leaders. He did it, and with ability; but, to his consternation, he was told this was by no means what was wanted; that particular men and particular measures on one side were to be praised, and on the other abused, whatever the question, or whatever the consequence. He reasoned upon this palpable injustice with the conductor, who, however, only smiled, and told

him he had no idea that a man who had got a university prize could be so raw. To his indignation he found that he was considered in the light of a hackney writer, who was to have no opinion of his own, but to do as he was bid. Thus foiled in one of his great objects,—to be a leader of the public sentiment,—he summoned his poetical talents to his aid, and out of old stories, and college exercises, and a re-publication of his prize composition, brought out some pathetic and polished verses and essays, which gained him at once a popularity he could not have expected. He who had been almost in want of a dinner now began to be almost fêted. The higher order of his university acquaintance patronised him; nay, made him an instrument to procure fresh patronage for themselves, by introducing him as the 'New Man of Genius,' covered with the laurels of promise. The doors of — house were opened to him, and he was allowed to partake the elegant *recherche* of both table and boudoir in Burlington Street. In fact, he became a lion for the time; his pride, which had never abandoned him, even in his eclipse, again unfolded itself, and he looked to a further enlargement of that reception among the great and fashionable, which had so unexpectedly charmed him. But though he pursued this hope with eagerness, he was far from being thoroughly grounded in the niceties, difficulties, and fluctuations in the life of a man of letters. That equivocal nondescript, so well known and appreciated in France, is scarcely recognised, and certainly not appreciated here. The time never came, and never will in England, when a queen, finding *Alain Chartier* asleep, kissed the mouth which she said had uttered such beautiful strains. Letters appear to us all a flowery path; and, taken as relaxation from severer occupation, they are so. As a duty, and above all, as a profession, they become severe themselves. The nectar that is quaffed in moderation, and at intervals, is delicious and exhilarating; made a common beverage, and, above all, forced on us against our will, it becomes turbid, flat, and satiating. This Dryden experienced, when he contracted to furnish 10,000 lines for 500*l.*—a shilling a line! What must they feel whose pen is destined to provide their daily bread? Yet of those, many might have had

'Hearts once pregnant with celestial fire,'

and might still know what it is to generate

'Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,'

but that the necessity of attending to the mechanism of the press, and the stern demands of the stomach, absorb all ideas but those of the printer's devil and a dinner. All then becomes, as it has been impressively called, 'heartless, reluctant labour,' and their genius languishes, sickens, and dies. Yet, smothered as it is by this necessity, it sometimes peeps out, and they are thought happy in their seducing pursuit; as *Carlin*, who so delighted the Parisian world by his humour, was thought to be diverted with it himself, although, at the very moment, consulting his physician on the hypochondriasis that killed him. It is evident, by what has been said, that no allusion is here made to

'The mob of gentlemen who write with ease,'

among whom Lackland affected to be enrolled. But the truth could not be disguised, even from himself, who, when he aspired (and most sincerely) to a higher meed, laboured by the same effort to keep himself from starving. * * * In fact, though he had read *Theophrastus*, he had never read *La Bruyère*, or if he had, he had certainly forgotten the following passage:—'*Souvent où le riche parle,*

* * * He says himself he could not bear the coldness of the court towards his wife, whom he found in tears every night, on account of her reception there."

et parle de doctrine, c'est aux doctes de se taire, écouter, et applaudir, s'ils veulent du moins ne passer que pour doctes."

"If you do," said an advising friend, "still aspire to equality, or to be valued for your own personal sake, by these gods of your imagination, let no such notion of equality appear, but 'boo, and boo, and boo,' like Sir Pertinax; and write an epithalamium, which, though stuff, may tell on the strength of your works of real merit. Do this, and you may, perhaps, be tolerated. If, without this, you attempt to shine at the expense of your superiors; if, in short, you pretend to be any thing, you soon will be nothing."

Now for the varieties, to close withal.

"Chesterfield says, that 'outdoing is so near reproaching, that it will generally be thought very ill company. Any thing that shineth, says Lord H——, doth, in some measure, tarnish every thing that standeth next to it.'"

	£	s.	d.
To reading your letter, asking me to dinner.....	0	6	8
Answering ditto, that I would come	0	6	8
Taking a journey of thirty miles to your country seat, to propose your employing me instead of your present attorney, who could not serve you so well, which you refused.....	5	5	0
Loss of time	3	3	0
Writing several letters, combating your arguments against employing me	2	2	0
Postage of your three letters, declining my offers, 6s. 8d. each	1	1	0
	£12	4	4

N.B.—If this is thought too much, though allowable in law, I will submit to take ten guineas."

Anecdote.—"But what has that worshipper of vellum and broad margins, Sir Elziver Page, done to you, for he told me you had left him off too? Yet he has a fine library, on which, I know he used to consult you." "Oh, I have cut him as a book man, ever since he told me he had got a bargain of an Herodotus, Gronovius edition, with *Variorum's* notes."

Axiom.—"That when service has done what was expected of it, and is no longer wanted, the servant is abandoned even to oblivion, unless he has resources of his own."

A Summer in the Pyrenees. By the Hon. James Erskine Murray. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Macrone.

WE have not an opportunity this week to do justice to this publication; but we cannot allow one No. of our *Literary* journal to pass without saying that we have exceedingly enjoyed its contents. Would that every tourist's summer were as well spent! How agreeable would the critic's task be!—nothing to reprehend, every thing to commend. The refectory light, yet nutritive; the gratification of being instructed, not only without fatigue, but with the pleasurable emotions of having spent your time in good company.

As it is, we can only intimate these opinions; and try, by one taste or two, to prove their correctness, until we return to the subject in our next. There is no high spicing in these volumes. Mr. Murray has visited some of the most interesting and least known parts of the Pyrenean chain; and he has described the impressions made upon him with the feeling of an artist for the beautiful and picturesque in scenery, and the talent of an able observer for circumstances and manners. A number of very clever etchings seem to shew that he is quite at home in both these characters: but we must offer our initiative notice; for it cannot be a review. Andorre is a small independent state—a very small republic (*vide*, if you can, in the maps) consisting of a few valleys among

the mountains; and we give a sample of its *status quo*. Our traveller is invited to dine with the mayor after a public and patriotic meeting; and he says:—

"From the council-hall, or barn, Etienne, myself, and the old gentleman, whose 'voice was still for war,' adjourned, with the maire, to the sanctuary of his dining-room, kitchen, or bed-room, where we found the lady mayoress, her daughters, and sons, awaiting our presence. The apartment was, certainly, superior to any which I had entered in the village; for it contained chairs instead of stools, one of which had actually arms to it. The bed recesses had pieces of drapery hanging down before them; and there was a greater abundance of dishes. But, what at once gave dignity and character to the house, and, independent of all other considerations, would have fully justified the villagers of Escaldos in their choice of a maire, was his being the owner of half a dozen pewter spoons, and a full dozen of knives and forks—steel or iron, it does not signify which—with bone handles. No wonder the mayoress was proud of them; they were the only articles of the kind in the village. Dinner was soon announced by the hissing of the soup, as it was emptied into the wooden tureen, which was placed upon the centre of the long, narrow pine-table, which was covered with a clean, but grayish white, table-cloth. There seemed to be no great ceremony as to the particular places which the guests were to occupy; so I resigned to Etienne what would, at home, have been the place of honour, and seated myself where I had most chance of making myself understood, between a couple of the maire's daughters. I did this upon principle; for I have invariably found that the females of any country, whose language I either spoke indifferently or hardly understood, were far more apt and intelligent in comprehending what I wished to say than the men. A spoon and a plate were set before each individual; and, all being seated, the maire pulled the tureen towards him, helped himself, and pushed it round: the next person did the same; and so on. Then followed a large brown loaf, from which each person cut a pound, or more, of bread. The soup was composed of vegetables and bread; and a piece of pork, which afterwards made its appearance, had been boiled in it. The soup was removed, and fowls, fish, and the piece of pork succeeded. This constituted our dinner, and only wanted the few elegancies of civilised life, to have made it worthy of the table of the lady mayoress of any country town in France or England. We drank our wine out of the odd-shaped bottles which I had first essayed the use of at Valmania; but I had now, from practice, become sufficiently expert as to be able to measure the distance from the 'cup to the lip,' and to describe the proper angle with the neck and spout of the bottle, so as to save myself from a recurrence of the mishap which followed my first attempt, and thus baulked my fair (dark, I should say) neighbours of the laugh which they would otherwise have raised at my expense, and which their compressed lips and smiling eyes plainly told me they were preparing for when I took the decanter in my hand. Having satisfied my thirst, I set it down upon the table, with an action and look explanatory of my satisfaction at having cheated some of the company of a laugh at my awkwardness. Why should not Andorrian ladies have thought me equally as vulgar and ignorant of the common usages of civilised life, by my inability to handle their decanters, as my polished friends at home would have esteemed me had they seen me cut fish

with a knife, or eat curry with any other instrument than a spoon? Lord Chesterfield himself might have been convicted of ill-breeding at the table of the maire of Escaldos. Anxious to see as much as possible of the manners and customs of the Andorrians, I made Etienne inquire as to the possibility of our assembling the villagers to a dance in the evening. The maire sanctioned the proposal; the hall of state was to be the rendezvous; and the youngsters of the party started off to spread the news through the village, more welcome in their character than would have been the 'fiery cross,' which, in the morning, they were told to be prepared for. Shortly after seven, the whole dancing population of the place were assembled in the council-hall, barn, or ball-room, dressed in their holiday suits; and I could observe that some of the ladies whose acquaintance I had formed in the morning, had evidently been lavishing their dark countenances in the stream, and justified the supposition that there was more necessity for soap and water than for 'Rowland's kalydor,' to purify their complexions. There was no scarcity of musicians, where almost every lad could jingle the strings of the guitar, or beat time with the triangle. The Andorrian dances are almost the same as the Arragones, and other Spanish peasantry; but the women do not trip it so lightly as the Spanish women, and the men have not that ease and elegance displayed by the Spaniard in the performance of his native dances. The Andorrian dances, however, are not by any means deficient in spirit and activity, set after set succeeding each other without one moment's cessation: the instruments were only laid down by those who were going to dance, to be taken up by those who had finished; and so on it continued for several hours, both ladies and gentlemen occasionally invigorating themselves with a pull from the strange decanters; which, as patron of the ball, I took care to have well filled. About eleven, Etienne and I retired, leaving the party in full glee; the maire presiding over the remainder of the cask of wine, and encouraging the dancers with his voice, as he beat time with his fists upon the barrel. The night was exceedingly dark; and, if we had not taken the precaution of stealing one of the lamps away from the ball-room, we might have experienced more difficulty in groping our way to our hotel, through the winding lanes of Escaldos, than in crossing the mountains to Carol; at least, so said Etienne, as he tumbled over a heap of something or other, which, however soft to fall upon, did not render him a more agreeable companion. Fortunately I was carrying the light, otherwise I should have, perhaps, had a summer set also; but no further mischief befell us until we reached the door of the posada, when, in stepping over the cross-bar at the bottom, I stumbled, and let fall the light. I mentioned, that the staircase which led to the upper story was situated in one corner of this stable; but there was both difficulty and danger to be encountered before arriving at it. It was a place where in daylight it was most necessary to pick one's steps with care: of course this could not be done in the dark; and the danger to be encountered was from the mules, who, of all animals, dislike being disturbed during night by strangers. Etienne went first; but he had hardly proceeded a couple of yards within the door, when a snort from one of the mules, accompanied by a lash out with its heels, made him retreat. Mules, like other obstinate animals, of whatever genus, become better friends by bullying than coaxing; so Etienne, accustomed to their ways, did not spare the

former, and, keeping as close to the wall as possible, we reached the staircase in safety. We were in hopes that we should have been able to find another lamp in the room above; but the whole of the family had either retired to rest, or were still at the ball: the fire was out, and we were in perfect darkness. We had told the hostess that we should occupy the spare apartment; and, accordingly, we opened the door of it, with the intention of sleeping as we best could—upon the beds, if we could find them, or, failing in our attempts to do that, to lie down upon the floor. Our intentions were, however, frustrated; for, when we opened the door, such harmonious sounds proceeded from all parts of the chamber, that some dozen, at least, of intruders must have taken possession of our quarters. Alas! there was no bell to ring, no waiter to call up, and, in true John Bull style, indignantly order him to turn the sleeping gentlemen out. Here 'might was right'; and had Etienne and I tried the experiment, we would, in all probability, have been treated as intruders ourselves, and, as such, found a reception which might have proved somewhat more dangerous and fatal than the kicks from the mules below, had we received one from each of them. We thought, with the old adage, that it was best to 'let sleeping dogs lie'; so we shut the door, and, in revenge, only drew the bolt upon them. Etienne laid himself down upon one of the benches in the kitchen; but, as I did not altogether relish the atmosphere of the apartment, composed of the exhalations arising from the refuse of the frying-pan, the well-picked bones which were strewn about, the upsetting of the wine decanters, and various other potherhouse effluvia, and as it was a fine night, I carried one of the three-legged stools into the balcony at the window, and, placing it in one corner, so as to make myself as comfortable as I could, I was soon afterwards sound asleep."

To this single specimen of the manner in which this narrative is written, we must, for the present, be content to add two or three very brief touches:—

"Having gratified my curiosity at Foix, I returned to Tarascon in the diligence. I had for my fellow travellers, two Frenchmen, who had left Marseilles on account of the cholera. It has been said that fear predisposes its victims to an attack of cholera: now, I am sure, if such was really the case, that these two gentlemen, who were going to Ax, must have died that same night; for I never, in the whole course of my life, saw two individuals so imbued with fear and terror as they seemed to be. While conversing upon the subject of their disquiet, I happened to mention that I had been in the neighbourhood of Drogheda when so many of its inhabitants were carried off by the cholera; upon which they immediately supposed that I could give them some sovereign specific against its attacks, and begged me to tell them what was the best measure of precaution to adopt. I told them that there were various opinions upon the subject, and different methods by which it was supposed the disease could be warded off. One method was that which numbers of the Irish, during the prevalence of the cholera in their country, had adopted: it was never to be sober while the cholera remained in the district; so long as they were intoxicated there was no fear of them, but if they once forgot to be drunk, then the disease was sure to seize upon them. The Frenchmen did not seem to relish this precautionary method, which I offered to their notice; so I gave them another, which met,

with more success. It was to refrain from eating salads to breakfast, or drinking the indifferent wines of the country, and never, by any chance, to taste the unripe fruits daily presented to them at the inns; but to give up their French habits and tastes, and live, *à la John Bull*, upon solids."

An official having ridiculously stopped our traveller on his way, he illustrates it humorously.

"We expostulated with the green-coated gentlemen, declared that we had left Luchon the preceding day, appealed to our guides for the truth of our story; but we could not satisfy them: 'how were they to be certain of the fact?' I could not help laughing when one of the officers made this remark; for it brought to my recollection the predicament in which a gentleman, riding out in the vicinity of Edinburgh, found himself. He had paid at one of the turnpike gates, a ticket from which enables the possessor to pass through all the other gates within a certain district, and carefully, as he imagined, deposited the little passport in his pocket. Arrived at another gate, the keeper demanded his ticket; and the gentleman, pulling up, and putting his hand in his pocket, searched it right and left, diving into every corner of it, but the inch-square piece of paper was nowhere to be found. It had flown away, or, perhaps, in using his pocket handkerchief, it had been blown away; but sure it was the thing was lost. The gentleman protested that he had paid at such and such a gate, and obtained a ticket; but no, the keeper was not satisfied. The money was of no consequence, but the gentleman was indignant that his word should be doubted: so, convinced of the decisive nature of the appeal he was about to make, he raised himself in his stirrups, and, staring in the keeper's face, said, 'Have the kindness, my friend, to look into my countenance, and tell me if you think it the physiognomy of one who, for the paltry sum of two-pence, would tell you a lie?' The keeper did as he was desired; and, stretching out his hand, answered, 'I'll thank you for two-pence.'"

We regret to leave off, but we will endeavour to do more perfect justice in our next.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY: MR. DAVIDSON.

MR. MURCHISON in the chair.—During the routine business of the meeting, a portion of a paper, entitled Notice on the Key and Arrú Islands, by G. W. Earl, Esq., was read. The chairman, in a very feeling manner, alluded to the melancholy intelligence received of the murder of Mr. Davidson; and, in respect to his memory, suggested that the business of the meeting should be confined to the reading of the letters communicating the mournful fact. The following letter and translations were then read.—Mogadore, Feb. 14, 1837. Mr. Willshire, vice-consul there, to E. W. A. Drummond Hay, Esq.—Sir, I had the melancholy duty, on the first instant, to make you acquainted with the distressing intelligence which had reached me regarding Mr. Davidson. I am grieved at heart to inform you all the accounts I have received since confirm the melancholy tidings. The most circumstantial account I have heard I derived from a Jew, named Jacob Ben Cohen, who arrived here from Draha on the 2d instant, and reported to me that Mr. Davidson had been robbed on the 29th or 30th of Shaban (thirty-two or thirty-three days after Mr. Davidson started from Wednoon), by the tribes of Idowlet and Atta, in the district of Hameda, four days'

journey from Tatta, who, after receiving from Mr. Davidson eight doubloons, and a hundred dollars, and a loaded camel, allowed the party, consisting of eighteen persons, to proceed on their route towards Timbuctoo. Wold Hamedan, and Eborria of Idowlet, and Wold Henna, and Wold Abou, of the tribe of Alt Atta, he mentioned as the names of the robbers. My informant stated, that eight or ten days after, a marauding party, of 100 horsemen, of the tribe of El Harib, who were returning from plundering a place called Bowbegah, met Mr. Davidson's party a little to the south of Egueda, whom they immediately robbed, and shot Mr. Davidson, who received eight balls; and when dead, every one discharged his musket at his body, as a meritorious act. At El Mehamdee, a town distant six days from Satta, where my informant was living, he saw in the possession of the Arabs and Jews various articles which had belonged to Mr. Davidson, which he described, and left no doubt on my mind as to his fate. Among the articles which he had seen, he named a silver watch, a pocket compass, sword, three books, a box of medicines, japan tea-caddy, beads, and cowries; all of which he must have seen, or he could not have described them so correctly as he did. My informant could not give a certain account of the fate of poor Abou, the companion of Mr. Davidson, but understood he had gone on with the caravan, in which he is partly borne out by the letter received from Sheikh Beyrook yesterday. Other accounts state that Mr. Davidson and party were travelling some distance in a parallel route, but rather behind the caravan which was first met by the party of El Harib, who were disappointed at not finding Mr. Davidson, for whom they inquired. The caravan was stopped, and afterwards Mr. Davidson came up, when he was instantly shot. Another report inclines me to believe that El Harib at first appeared friendly, and afterwards seized an opportunity, treacherously, to murder him, at a place called Sheh' Keya, twenty days' journey from Timbuctoo. I have been much disappointed that the information received by the courier I despatched to Wednoon, with letters to Sheikh Beyrook, is very meagre and inconclusive, as you will perceive, on perusal of the accompanying translations of the two letters addressed to me, and his agent, Seedy Hadj Abebe. In those letters, no allusion is made to the robbery and murder of Mr. Davidson as having occurred at different places, nor is the account of Jacob Ben Cohen supported in this point by any of the reports which have come to my knowledge, except the one received by my agent from his son at Morocco, which states, that Mr. Davidson had been robbed, and afterwards allowed to proceed on his journey. I have no reason to suspect treachery on the part of Sheikh Beyrook, although the reports set afloat by Wold Isheme are, that Mr. Davidson had deposited a large sum of money with the sheik, is evident. Considering there was a great probability Abou might have been taken by the tribe of El Harib, and detained as a slave, I directed the sheik to procure his release, and to send him to me: by the answer he returns, he appears to believe that Abou had gone on with the caravan, in which case there is not much likelihood of the Tragacanthos overtaking it. I beg to acquaint you I have not yet determined upon what steps to take to collect further information, having only yesterday received the letters from Sheikh Beyrook. It is my wish to despatch a Moor to proceed to Draha to recover of the people every thing belonging to Mr. Davidson; the great difficulty is to select a person well ac-

quainted with the country, and in whom every confidence can be placed. I attach considerable value to the notes Mr. Davidson may have made on the route from Wedoon, up to the moment he met his untimely fate. I have in view a Moorish trader, who has travelled in many parts of the desert, and if I can come to an arrangement with him, I shall despatch him to Draba with directions to proceed to the very spot; and every thing I can do towards elucidating this melancholy affair, be assured, will be done. I remain, (signed) W. WILLSHIRE.—P. S.—I have omitted to state, that by the report of Jacob Ben Cohen, Mr. Davidson met his fate on the 8th day of Ramadan, answering to the 17th or 18th of December last. Sheh Keya is near the southern confines of the district of Egeda, sixteen days from Tatta, and ten days from Taudeny.

Translation of a letter from Sheik Beyrook, dated Wedoon, 1st day of the month Dual Canda (answering to the 7th instant), received at Mogadore 13th February, 1837. The letter proceeds:—"To our friend, Merchant Willshire, English Vice-Consul, Salam, &c.—We received your letter by the courier, which we have read and understand. About the news of the Tibbib, John Davidson, his death is certain; the Harib met him—death is the lot of all. We had arranged with all the tribes of Arabs who are known to plunder persons and commit robberies on the road; we had ensured his safety with them. The Tibbib did not leave our house until we had previously received security from Eborria (of the tribe of Idowlet) that he might pass through the district of El Harib; we had no fear, because they are traders, and convey and pass the merchants of Taflelt and receive him. El Harib did not go that route but to kill him (the Tibbib); and we have heard, that the merchants of Taflelt had given money to El Harib to murder him. Taflelt is only distant one or two days' journey from the usual place of abode of the tribe of El Harib. As to the property of the Tibbib, nothing has found its way to this quarter; but should it, I will send it to you. His property will get to Taflelt, where it will be sold; and you had better write to the Sultan Mulai Abderrachman, to give orders to his viceroy to seek after his books, writings, and property. We inform you we have sent a friend to the Tragacanth, ordering a person to be despatched to Timbuctoo to bring us Aboo, who is gone there; and have given the strictest orders for every information and news how it happened, to be sent to us. As to the envy like that of Wold, Isheme, and others we have heard of, you know better than any one what money the Tibbib had. The truth of all the news will be known when the horsemen return from the Tragacanth: we will send it you, and point out to you the spot or place where he (the Tibbib) was met, and the day he was murdered. His death would be first known at Taflelt, from whence it would reach us, as many of the El Harib go to that city. We are far off, which is the cause of the intelligence being so long before it reached us. The station of the Tragacanth is twelve days' journey from this place; and it is three months that no one has come to us from thence, except this news, which came from Geist. The money which he (the Tibbib) lent to Mohammed El Abd, make yourself easy about it; the day the caravan returns we will get repaid, and remit it to you. INSHALLA SALAM."

Read also, translation of a letter from Sheik Beyrook, dated as the preceding, and received at Mogadore the same day.

"To Sidi Hodge Abibe Salam, &c.
"As to what you write about the Tibbib John Davidson, the party of El Harib found (or met) him and killed him, plundering all his property, and that of Mohammed El Abd, which he had with him, of long-cloths and Hamburgers. On the day they killed the Tibbib they seized his companion Aboo, and swore to him, by the most solemn oath, if he did not then tell of the property belonging to the Christian, they would take his life; upon which he discovered and told them of every thing, which they took, and went away with; and the reason why I did not write to you before now, I had doubts of the truth. How comes it that you listen to the words of Wold Isheme, who writes to the Jew, his friend, and tells him the Tibbib has deposited with us the sum you mention in your letter? Why did you not answer Willshire on the point, as you saw the money he delivered over to Mohammed El Abd? God be praised, we are known not to be traitors, like Wold Isheme; however, if his companion, Aboo, comes, he will relate all the news with his own mouth. Be informed that we have written to the heads of the Tragacanth, Cidi Mohammed Dumann, Cidi Mohammed Ben Annish, and Hamed Moolud, to send persons like themselves to bring to us the companion, Aboo, from whence he can be found. At all events, if he be alive, you will see him, Inshalla; and if dead, God's will be done. The words you report, that we had arranged with El Harib to betray him (the Tibbib), such doings are not our ways; nor could we degrade ourselves to do so: every one God will reckon with for the words he utters. For four days we neither ate nor drank; and have sworn, by all that is sacred, to be revenged. Wherever El Harib are to be found, in their tents or on the road, our tribe shall plunder and murder them. As regards the property of the Tibbib, if any articles remain in the hands of the Tragacanth, they will reach you. God knows how much we have grieved about him; but, God be praised, we did not leave any thing undone for the safety of the Tibbib. We did not think the Harib would turn traitors to any person sent by us. This has been done by the traders of Taflelt, who had bribed El Harib to kill him. God's will be done. The fact will be known when the two horsemen return, whom we have despatched to the Tragacanth, and who will be sent to you. Peace." The meeting then broke up.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 8. The Rev. William Whewell in the chair.—The reading of the Rev. W. B. Clarke's paper on Suffolk, commenced on a previous evening, was concluded. The formations of which that country consists are chalk, the plastic and London clays, crag, diluvium, or ancient superficial detritus, and recent lacustrine accumulations. Each of these deposits was described in considerable detail, as well as the changes now in operation in the river courses and along the sea-coast. The following conclusions were then given, as deducible from the statements in the body of the memoir:—1. The substratum of the whole of Suffolk, Norfolk, and Essex, is chalk, which appears to have been dislocated and worn into deep hollows by the action of water, previously to the commencement of the tertiary era. 2. On this abraded surface the plastic clays and sands were formed, but not over the whole area. 3. Partly on these beds, and partly on the chalk, the London clay was then deposited, but to no very great thickness. 4. Upon the London clay,

as well as the chalk, the crag was next accumulated in sand-banks produced by the tidal waters, and around projecting masses of chalk. 5. While the crag still lay beneath the sea, a violent catastrophe broke up many of the secondary strata from the chalk to the lias inclusive; and the debris thus caused, together with numerous masses of ancient rocks, was spread by a rush of water over the surface of the tertiary formations, and the chalk, in some places to a depth of 400 feet, constituting the beds of drift clay, &c. which occupy so great an area in Suffolk. 6. Previously to this diluvial action, and after it, the inland waters of the then dry land bore to the sea animal and vegetable remains, vestiges of which occur in the Norfolk coast, and elsewhere. 7. That the climate of this part of the globe was then different from the present. 8. After this period, and probably in prolongation of the first great catastrophe, a series of shocks, acting from below, shattered the surface, and gradually elevated the whole district, till the crag obtained the height of nearly 100 feet above the level of the sea; and by this movement were produced the valleys or lines of fissures through which the drainage of the county is effected. 9. No great convulsions have since taken place. 10. By the action of springs, and the constant battering of the sea, the superficial contents of the London clay and crag have been reduced several miles, vestiges of their former extent being traceable in rocks and sands, nearly always submerged. 11. By the set of the tides, vast accumulations of shingle and sand have been formed at projecting points, protecting, in some places, the cliffs from further destruction; but at Harwich they have blocked up the ancient estuary, and compelled the Stour and the Orwell to form a new outlet. 12. The average amount of annual degradation of the coast, is about two yards in breadth; and, in consequence of the conformation of the ridges of crag and London clay, the cliffs will gradually diminish into a low, sandy shore. The period estimated for effecting this destruction is calculated by Mr. Clarke to be another century.—The next paper read was by the Rev. David Williams, F.G.S., on the raised beaches of Saunton Down, and Baggy Point. These beaches were recently described by Professor Sedgwick and Mr. Murchison; and Mr. Williams, in this paper, fully agrees with the conclusions drawn by those authors relative to the beaches having been raised. In addition, however, to the proofs afforded by the numerous remains of existing British marine shells in these accumulations, he stated that he had found, in many places, from six to ten feet above the tidal level, and at the line of contact of the beaches with the old rocks of the district, countless *Balanis* attached to the surface of the latter, but entangled in the substance of the former. In support, also, of the land having been raised, and not the sea depressed, he referred to the submarine forest in the prolongation of the same coast, and argued that their position could not be accounted for by a subsidence in the sea level, but by an unequal movement of the land.—The third communication read was from Mr. James de Carle Sowerby, on a new genus of fossil shells, named by him *Tropæum*. The following are the characters given in the paper: "An involute chambered shell, with sinuated septa; the whorls free, sometimes very distant: siphon in the external margin." The shells which may be grouped in this genus have hitherto ranked as *Hamites*, but have no sudden bend

* See Literary Gazette, Dec. 17.

which may be compared to a hook. The place of *Tropæum* is between *Hamites* and *Scaphites*. The species hitherto found have been obtained from the gault and greensand.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 6th. The Rev. F. W. Hope in the chair.—Various donations of books were announced, and thanks ordered to be returned to the donors. Several gentlemen were elected members of the Society, and certificates in favour of A. B. Lambert, Esq.; G. B. Greenough, Esq.; and W. Harrison, Esq., were read. The following memoirs were read. Additional note upon the trap-door spider of the West Indies, accompanied by figures, by W. Sells, Esq. On an early remedy adopted for the destruction of obnoxious domestic insects, by L. H. Petit, Esq. F.R.S. Observations in support of the opinion that the blatta cannot be considered identical with "oreb," the insect which constituted one of the plagues of Egypt, by the Rev. F. W. Hope. In this memoir, the author entered very fully into the views entertained by the different commentators relative to the insect which was employed as one of the plagues of Egypt: combating the opinion of different writers who maintained that the common cockroach, on account of its black colour, and occasionally appearing in swarms, was the insect in question; and maintaining, on the contrary, both from the text, and from communications made to him by Colonel Sykes, upon the noxious insects of India, and by Mr. Wilkinson, the Egyptian traveller, that some (probably several) species of dipterous insects, allied to the gad-flies, were the real plagues in question. This memoir led to an interesting discussion upon the habits of these different insects in various quarters of the globe.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

THURSDAY. Mr. Gray, the president, in the chair.—Some members were elected, and others proposed. Donations of plants, supposed to have formed part of the *herbarium* of J. J. Rousseau, and some plants found about Mahon, Minorca, were announced, presented by Mr. G. E. Dennes. A specimen of *Cinclidium stygium*, a new British moss, was exhibited, presented by Mr. Roberts Leyland. A paper was read from the treasurer, John Reynolds, Esq., being a translation of Father Koischer's "China Illustrata;" which led to an interesting discussion: after which the meeting adjourned to the 6th of April.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, March 9th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—H. Allen, New Inn Hall; Rev. J. Whytt, Edmund Hall; Rev. J. Dodd, Tabernacle, G. S. F. Smith, Queen's College; Rev. W. D. Roberts, Rev. J. R. Trye, Jesus College; Rev. H. N. Loring, Exeter College.

Bachelors of Arts.—E. W. St. John, E. C. Egerton, Christ Church.

CAMBRIDGE.—The chancellor's two gold medals for the best classical scholars among the commencing bachelors of Arts have been this year adjudged to T. Whytehead, of St. John's College, and W. G. Humphrey, of Trinity College.

March 10th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. J. F. Colle, Trinity College. *Bachelors of Arts*.—W. B. Simpson, T. Spankie, E. Hooper, H. Roberts, A. Malcolm, Trinity College; E. Evans, St. John's College; E. D. Bland, Caius College; E. Bellman, Queen's College; H. Roberts, A. A. Kempe, Magdalen College.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MARCH 9. Mr. H. Gurney in the chair.—Sir Henry Ellis exhibited a drawing or plan of the town, fortifications, and harbour of Carrick-

fergus, in Ireland, in 1612.—Mr. Planché exhibited a basinet, a form of helmet in use from Edward II. to Henry V.: this appeared, from its form, &c., and by comparison with Stothard's "Monumental Effigies," to belong to the time of Edward III.—Sir Fred. Madden exhibited two matrix seals, found by some excavators in making a railway, but it did not appear where. One was the seal of the Priory of Boxgrave, in Sussex, founded in the reign of Henry I. The seal was made to impress, and in some places to perforate, two pieces of wax, which were afterwards cemented together; and the figures on the back of one piece were then seen through the architectural perforations of the other, and *vice versa*, in the same way as the beautiful seal of the Priory of Southwick, in Hampshire: but it is to be regretted that the Boxgrave matrix was too much corroded by time and damp to make a perfect impression. The other seal belonged to some monastery dedicated to St. Redigund, no account of which Sir Frederick had been able to find in Dugdale or Tanner; and he requested information on the subject from any of his brother antiquaries who could give it.—Mr. John Gough Nichols exhibited a napkin of the time of Henry VIII. of beautifully fine damask, or, as it was then called, diaper. The woven ornaments were exceedingly rich, belonging exclusively to the Tudor period; and, from the subjects, there was little doubt of its having been made for royal use. In his description of this delicate and dainty napkin, Mr. Nichols gave several extracts from the household ordinances of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. relative to the washing and preserving the napery, or cloth, for the king's use.

March 16th. Mr. Hudson Gurney in the chair.—A paper was read from Sir William Betham, on Signor Campanari's Etruscan Tombs, exhibiting at Pall Mall, and the high state of civilisation and arts which they shew to have existed in Etruria; but the subject he most referred to was the inscriptions, which, he said, had confirmed him in the opinion previously expressed, of the identity of the Phœnician Language with the Celtic—the ancient language of Ireland.—Mr. Rosser exhibited a perfect skeleton of an Egyptian mummied cat, which he had lately unwrapped, and two small statues, in bronze and porcelain, of Bubastes, the Egyptian goddess, to whom the cat was sacred, and who was usually represented with the head of a cat.—The Rev. L. Sharpe communicated a paper on the ancient dramas called "Mysteries," and the barbarous Anglo-Latin language of some of them, and the meaning of several obsolete and difficult passages found in them. The reading of the survey of the province of Connaught, in 1612, communicated by Sir Henry Ellis, was concluded, and the Society adjourned to the Thursday after Easter.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS

FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; Russell Institution, 8 P.M. (Mr. Goodley, Second Lecture on Insect Anatomy.)

Tuesday.—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Lambeth Literary (Mr. Cooper on Meteorology), 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; London Institution, 7 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.; Russell Institution, 8 P.M. (Mr. Oxenford on German Literature, Goethe); Islington Literary (Mr. T. Cromwell on the Archaeology of the British Isles; and the following Thursday, and April 13).

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Spring Gallery of the works of living British Artists is to be opened to private view

to-day, and publicly on Monday. We have been permitted to take a glance round the walls, and have great pleasure in noticing the collection as one quite equal to, if not more meritorious than any preceding exhibition.

MUSIC.

VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE fifth concert, on the 6th inst., was no less attractive than its predecessor had been. A manuscript cantata, by Hullab, sung by Miss Masson with exquisite feeling, was a delightful specimen of what may be achieved by music, when it is really "married to immortal verse." The young composer has most felicitously caught the tone of Shelley's truly beautiful lines, beginning,—

"Rarely, rarely comest thou,
Spirit of delight;"

and Miss Masson embodied the ideas of both poet and composer, in such a manner as to make every heart respond to them. Mrs. Bishop sang Hummel's *offertorium*, "Alma virgo," most delightfully; and Miss Rainsforth was very successful in a sweet ballad by T. Cooke, "No joy without my love." Equal praise is due to Mr. Balfe for his spirited performance of "Non più andrai;" and Miss Woodvass executed Haydn's canonet, "Sympathy," very pleasingly, except that her shakes were rather superabundant. Among the choruses were the coronation anthem, "My heart is inditing;" "O! the pleasures of the plains," from *Acis and Galatea*; Mozart's motet, "Praise Jehovah, our Defender;" and "Arise! arise!" from *Hercules*: all admirably selected, and the last much too good for playing the audience out with. The madrigals and glees, too, were judiciously chosen. Amongst the latter was a manuscript composition, by Mr. E. Taylor, of considerable merit. Beethoven's quartet, Op. 74, played by Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas, was, unfortunately, too long for even the most enthusiastic listeners; and those accomplished performers received, in consequence, much less than their due meed of applause. We advise them in future to select, on similar occasions, compositions of a more popular character. The audience were disappointed in their expectation of seeing the royal visitors, owing, as it was said, to the sudden indisposition of the Princess Victoria. Q.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.

THE second concert was under the direction of Lord Burghersh, for the Duke of Cambridge; and it is scarcely necessary to add that the selection was very good, combining a judicious admixture of novelty with a few deservedly favourite stock-pieces. One most remarkable feature of the concert was a pianoforte concerto, by Sebastian Bach, which was played by Mr. Moscheles with such consummate skill, vigour, and intelligence, that attention was kept awake throughout, notwithstanding the dry and monotonous character of the composition. A recitative and air by Bianchi, charmingly sung by Miss Masson, was a perfect gem. It is impossible to conceive any thing more beautiful than the accompaniments to this song, especially the parts for the wind-instruments; and their effect was rendered quite enchanting by the exquisite performance of the band. Mrs. Bishop, and Messrs. Braham, Bennett, and Phillips, all gave great delight by their respective performances. Mr. Seguin, in the duet with Mrs. Bishop, "Crudel perchè," sung with much dramatic animation; but the part is a little above the range of his voice, in consequence of which he was compelled to alter a few notes

here and there, to the disturbance equally of old associations and the symmetry of the composition. Messrs. Vaughan and Pyne were among the vocalists, and Miss Fanny Wyndham was also engaged, and sang at the morning rehearsal on Monday, but was prevented by indisposition from appearing on Wednesday evening. A six-part madrigal, by Wilbye, "Lady, when I behold," was very effective, the lights and shades being much better attended to than we have heard on some former occasions. If, in the performance of madrigals, the Vocal Society has the advantage over the Ancient Concerts with regard to the greater frequency of rehearsals, these last have an immense advantage over the Vocal Society in the number and quality of the treble voices. The only thing wanting to the perfection of the music here, is the establishment of regular private rehearsals. Is this point unattainable? Q.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS. HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.

MARCH 10.—It gave us great pleasure to see this rising Institution, established for the encouragement of native talent, so well attended in its third season; and, had it not been too late in the week for our *Gazette*, we should have entered into a lengthy notice. We cannot, however, let the performance pass without mentioning our admiration of Mr. Westrop's cantata, so beautifully illustrating Thomson's "Approach of Winter." But the masterpiece of the evening was a solo on the violin by Mr. Thirlwall: the composition was his own; and he only wanted the raven locks and wild countenance of the Prince of Fiddlers to have allured us into a belief that we were again listening to Paganini.

DRAMA.

THERE has been no novelty during the past week, which concludes the season prior to Easter, except *The Postilion*, at the St. James's. The music, by Adolph Adam, is of a pleasant cast, and is well sung by the St. James's company. Mr. Pickwick appeared at Harley's benefit, but was not so successful as anticipated. At *Covent Garden*, T. P. Cooke has, by his capital acting, brought up the drama of *False Colours*. He is deservedly popular, whatever the piece may be.

King's Theatre. Mr. C. H. Adams's Lectures.—We are glad to see these interesting Lectures so well attended. Mr. Adams's new zodiac is magnificent, and affords great delight, as well as instruction, to the spectators.

VARIETIES.

Steel-Pens.—We have to acknowledge half a dozen cards of steel-pens from the manufactory of the Messrs. Heeley, at Birmingham, which appear to be made of the best tempered metal; for they have a flexibility which we hardly expected to be given to steel-pens. Those we have tried we can sincerely recommend: the diamond pen, for expeditions writing; the macrostyle, for office work, being very durable; the ladies' ruby pen, for neat writing and mapping, as it is exceedingly fine, and makes wonderfully clear and clean lines. The spring-regulating, the radiographic, and the polychronographic, are three useful diversities: the first may be tempered to suit the hand by which it is used; in the second the slits are so made as to regulate the flow of the ink; and the last, in order to prevent the necessity of frequently dipping the pen, is made to hold a greater quantity of ink than any other. Any

one possessing these six sorts may write in any style, from the bold running hand to the most minute: in short, almost as well as we do!

Weather-Wisdom. In our last we, by mistake, quoted the weather for February instead of March: not that it signifies much, only we have to correct the error, and say, that the past week's weather ought to have been "windy on the 13th. 15th, milder and fairer, yet tokens of wind; the air clearer. 17th, mild, but the 18th (i. e. this day), sudden changes and high wind." As for the ensuing seven days, "towards 20th and 21st, blustering wintry weather again, as the sun draws nigh to an aspect of Saturn. The 21st is replete with tokens of cold rains and sleet, or snow."*

John Fawcett.—The death of this eminent comic actor in his 69th year, at Botley, Hants, is announced in the newspapers.

Davis Straits.—In a letter from Capt. James Ross to Capt. Beaufort, in the last Number of the *Nautical Magazine*, he strenuously recommends the expediency of a settlement on the western shore of Davis Straits, as a depot for oil, and also as a port of refuge for whale ships. The site he suggests is on the deeply indented northern shore of Cumberland Strait, or in about 64° N. between that and Cape Walsingham. The reasons adduced appear to us to be most cogent, not only as regards the locale, but as unanswerable, in respect to the general design.

A Tabular Chronological Epitome of the History of Architecture in England.—Such is the title of a pasteboard sheet, little larger than a page of letter-paper, on which the architect, Mr. G. Godwin, jun., has arranged an excellent tabular view of the dates, duration, and characteristics of the principal styles of architecture which have prevailed in this country from the earliest times. It is an excellent memorandum on the subject, and conveys much information within a very brief compass. We do not, however, agree with him, that the late Tudor, or Elizabethan style, consisted of the "perverted use of forms received from Greece and Rome."

Tanning.—A Mr. Patterson, of Dublin, has taken out a patent for tanning from the roots, stems, and branches of the blackberry bush, obtained in the spring; and, after preparation, he states, quite equal to oak-bark.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Form of the Books of the Ancients, with a History of the Art of Bookbinding, from the Times of the Greeks and Romans to the present Day, interspersed with bibliographical References to Men and Books of all Ages and Countries, is announced by J. A. Arnett.

In the Press.

The first Publication of the Central Society of Education, consisting of Papers by T. Wyse, Esq. M.P.; C. Baker, Esq.; E. Hawes, Jun. Esq. M.P.; A. De Morgan, Esq.; and others; with the Statistical Inquiries of the Society.—Lessons on Form, as given at a Pestalozzian School, Chesham, Surrey, by C. Reiner, Esq.—Mullier's Physiology of Man. Translated from the German, by W. Baly, M.D.—Greek Testament, from the Text of Griesbach; with the various Readings of Mill and others.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

An Elementary Introduction to Mineralogy, by W. Phillips, 4th edition, by R. Allais, cr. 8vo.—Modern Society; or, the March of Intellect, by Miss C. Sinclair, post 8vo, 2d edition, 7s.—An Essay on the Archæology of Popular Phrases, by J. B. Kerr, Esq., Vol. II. 12mo, 6s.—Family Prayers, with a Selection of Psalms, by the Rev.

* Lieutenant Morrison writes us from Cheltenham:—"We had 'high winds' here on the 10th instant, as I predicted; but not on the 11th. This week has been gloomy, with thick weather, at least yesterday and today; which I attribute to there being a conjunction of Herschel, Venus, and Mercury in the sign Pisces, which has not happened for eighty-four years before, and of which, therefore, I had no former experience, and did not expect such an effect."

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . 9	From 32 to 50	30.01 to 29.49
Friday . . . 10	35 . . . 48	29.64 . . . 29.30
Saturday . . 11	35 . . . 46	29.29 . . . 29.27
Sunday . . . 12	30 . . . 42	29.28 . . . 29.46
Monday . . . 13	27 . . . 43	29.70 . . . 30.08
Tuesday . . 14	26 . . . 43	30.21 . . . 30.20
Wednesday 15	30 . . . 44	30.11 . . . 30.01

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Except the 14th, generally cloudy, with rain at times; a little snow on the morning of the 13th.

Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude 51° 37' 33" N.

Longitude 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Davidson.—It is with deep sorrow we refer to our Geographical Society's Report for the sad confirmation of the murder of Mr. Davidson. Our intrepid countryman perished by the perfidy, and to gratify the cupidity, of the El Harib tribe of Arabs. We are informed that these miscreants made his guard or attendants, sixteen in number, stand aside till they despatched their victim; up to whose dead body they marched (as is related in these accounts) and fired their pieces into the inanimate corpse. Mr. Davidson was once, we believe, a partner in the highly respectable firm of Savory and Moore. Owing to an affair which made some public noise, about a dozen years ago, when, being with some companions on a visit to Epoua, he suffered a heavy loss at cards, he retired from business on an arrangement with his partners. Since then we are not aware of his occupation, but his father, an aged gentleman between 70 and 80, is still living to receive the afflicting news of his son's death. He had communicated so large a share of his own energy and confidence to his parent, that he could hardly be persuaded to think that any serious danger could attend his enterprise, and the result has rendered the blow more severe. Poor Davidson, another martyr to African discovery, has left many other friends to deplore his loss.

The press of Novelties, this week, compels us to postpone several Reviews and Reports of scientific and learned Societies.

Our friend Ince, may find all the particulars of the original design of St. Paul's, and the causes which obliged the architect to alter them, in many publications, and, among others, in Elmes's Life of Sir C. Wren.

We thank F. B. His hit is only of ten thousand similar, if investigated; and of which more, perhaps, hereafter.

ERRATUM.—In our last report of Medico-Botanical Society, line 7, for "the two first," read "the first two."

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